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on an hostile expedition, and commanded at the siege of Montreuil.

In the event, however, it proved that all the valuable services he had rendered could not secure him from the jealousy of the capricious Henry; and, upon slight grounds, he had condemned him to suffer death as a traitor, January 29, 1547. The king died on the preceding night, and the duke obtained a respite, but he was detained a prisoner in the Tower during the reign of Edward VI.

When Edward was in the article of death, the Duke of Northumberland wrote in the king's name to his sisters, the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, requesting them to attend immediately upon their dying brother; but before they could reach the metropolis the monarch had breathed his last. In the hope, however, of getting the princesses into his power, Northumberland concealed the fact of the death for two days. Arundel, who was in favour with Mary, sent her intelligence of the sad event, at the same time giving her to understand that a conspiracy was being formed against her. Mary wrote to the Privy Council, affirming her legitimate right and title to the crown, and the council being in favour of Lady Jane, both parties were resolved to decide the contest by an appeal to arms. The tide of popular feeling, however, had so set in favour of Mary, that she was soon afterwards proclaimed in the city of London. She immediately gave orders for the arrest of Northumberland.

On the accession of Queen Mary, the Duke of Norfolk was released, and reinstated in his rank and property; and he sat as High Steward on the trial of the Duke of Northumberland, who was found guilty of treason, and executed. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, closed his life in peace at Kenning-hall, Norfolk, in August, 1554, in the eighty-first year of his age.

The other branches of this ancient and illustrious family have played an important part in English history. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born about the year 1515, was an accomplished nobleman, and the best English poet of his age. He is said to have introduced blank verse into English poetry. Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, was a distinguished naval commander, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was the son of William, Lord Howard of Effingham, and grandson of the second Duke of Norfolk. He made a great display of his lofty spirit as a British admiral, when commanding a small fleet in the English Channel, at the time that the Princess Ann of Austria was proceeding to Spain with a convoy of 130 sail. "He envied their fleet," says Hakluyt, "in a most strange and warlike sort, and enforced them to stoop gallant, and vaile their bonnets for the Queen of England." But the principal occasion on which this nobleman signalised himself was in the defeat of the famous Spanish Armada in 1588, when he was commander-in-chief of the English fleet.

The head of this family has the titles of first duke, first marquis, first earl, and first baron of the kingdom, and takes place immediately after the prince of the royal blood. The title of earl-marshall is also hereditary in the family. The present, the *thirteenth* Duke of Norfolk, is Henry Charles Howard, K. G. and P. C. His second title, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, is borne by his eldest son. The engraving is taken from a painting by the celebrated Van Dyck.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CLOUDS.

DURING many wanderings in many distant countries, I have ever had a strong predilection for solitary rambles amidst the strange scenery with which they abound; and my love of nature has been always greatest when I met her in her wildest moods, and under her sternest and most savage aspects.

In no part of the world that I have ever visited is there a wider field for the gratification of this fanciful passion than in the mountain ranges of South America; and I have climbed to many a lofty summit, and descended to many a deep ravine amongst them, with no other object than a foolish ambition to rest my foot upon some spot untrod by man; or

to enjoy, alone and uninterrupted, the sublime spectacle exhibited by the magnificent yet desolate scenery around me. That portion of the western Cordillera that encloses within its loftiest peaks the extensive table-lands, or punas, from which such vast supplies of silver are procured, is, perhaps, the most rugged and most frightful of the whole. The immense mountains are split into many isolated crests, that rise above the lofty puna to a still greater elevation; and between these high points are tremendous chasms, across which the mountain roads are carried by light rope bridges that sway about with every breeze, and spring and tremble even beneath the quick foot of the active Indian guide. The agave poles and slender branches that are interwoven with the hide ropes, and form the roadway of the bridge, are parted by wide gaps and crevices, through which the traveller looks down into the immeasurable void that gapes below; and he may well be pardoned the convulsive shudder that passes through his frame when he feels the narrow platform which alone supports him bend and crack beneath his weight.

Among many recollections of these dreary solitudes, I retain a very vivid impression of one lonely adventure in them. I had long wished for an opportunity of being present during the passage of one of those fearful storms that almost daily visit the sierra during certain seasons, and which I had only seen previously at a distance, as they rolled amongst the far-off ranges. The opportunity at length presented itself. I had wandered some distance from the Indian village in which I had passed the night, and leaving the more level puna, had entered a deep defile that gradually ascended to a high peak, from whence I obtained a splendid view of the gigantic panorama spread before me. The wide table-land stretched away to the banks of a dark lake that lay calm and unruffled in its centre, and from thence rose with a gentle sweep to the more distant summits that enclosed it. Far behind me spread a sea of rocky waves, heaped up, and tossed about in most tumultuous, yet sublime disorder; and bursting through them rose great mountain islands, that reared their many-pointed heads aloft in stately majesty. Down the slanting declivity of a deep ravine that opened at my feet, piles of enormous stones were loosely scattered,—the mighty fragments of some shattering convulsion that had torn asunder the huge mountains, and rent the hills like silken veils. Beyond it rose, in isolated grandeur, a solitary peak that towered above all others; and from its snowy crest a line of pointed spires swept downwards in a graceful curve that rose again to the high summit of another distant peak, from which it seemed to hang like the supporting chain of some immense suspension-bridge—with every link a mountain. Far below, along the broken channel of the chasm, a little stream raced with impetuous speed, leaping from ledge to ledge in one white line of foam; and high above, where the steep cliffs bent inwards and overhung the wide abyss, a narrow line was drawn across the pure blue sky—the fragile bridge by which the mountain pathway crossed the terrible ravine.

Amidst such scenery as this I wandered onwards, forgetful of all else, scaring at times a group of graceful llamas from their scanty pasture, or starting in my turn as the great condor rose from my feet, and, spreading his enormous wings, hovered a moment near me, and then soared disdainfully away to some still loftier pinnacle. Suddenly I saw, mounting above the entangled mass of rocks, a thick black cloud that rolled along the mountain sides in heavy wreaths, the sure precursor of the devastating storms that I had longed to witness. Increasing in breadth and volume as it advanced, the cloud spread over all the range, hiding the rugged landscape and blotting out the sun. Flashes of lightning gleamed from the dark wall that rose from earth to heaven, and sudden gusts of wind tore through it, opening up deep caverns that seemed bored in solid earth. As I hurried down to some more sheltered spot, so terrible was the appearance of the advancing tempest, that my resolution faltered sadly, and I heartily regretted the curiosity that had led me to face so powerful an enemy. My memory recalled a score of mountain tales of travellers crushed beneath the fall of massive rocks loosened by the passing

storm; of strings of mules, dashed with their drivers from the narrow paths; and even of companies of soldiers caught up like withered leaves by the fierce whirlwinds, and hurled to sure destruction in the frightful depths around. The ledge on which I stood was scarcely five feet wide, and above and below the mountain side was covered with loose blocks, that evidently required but little force to set them rolling down the steep incline and over the edge of the precipice in which it terminated. A few yards ahead of me a huge rock had fallen on the shelf, and behind this I instinctively sought shelter from the furious hurricane that already raged around me. But a few minutes previously my admiration had been excited by the impressive stillness, the calm, sublime repose of the grand spectacle, but this was now succeeded by the most astounding uproar and chaotic turmoil. Masses of frozen snow, torn from the loftier peaks, were driven through the air, and clouds of dust mingled with stones, and showers of icy sleet, swept madly past, whirling around one common centre. The wind howled up the gorge, and shrieked and whistled in the narrow clefts and fissures, whilst high above it rose the crashing thunder, rolling in oft-repeated echoes through the deep ravines,—the solid mountains shuddering at the loud reverberation. A black and heavy pall hung over all, and dark red lines of fire flashed from it, giving no light but rather adding by their contrast to the gloom; and even through the mighty voices of the storm there came at intervals a grating shock, and then a heavy blow, another, and another, as some huge rock, torn from its resting-place, bounded from ledge to ledge, and bearing with it masses of earth and loosened stone, fell with a dull, half-smothered sound into the wide and yawning chasm.

For upwards of an hour I lay behind my rocky shelter, which shook and wavered as the powerful gusts swept round it, and still the fury of the storm continued unabated. The cold was most intense, and the hard pellets of ice that drove in clouds through the defile beat on my head and face with painful violence. At length the heavy clouds passed onwards, and left the rugged crests of the mountains covered with a light grey mist. The effect was now extremely grand and singular. To the loud bellowing of the winds there succeeded a perfect calm, and then the snow fell noiselessly in soft light flakes. The thunder that had pealed in deafening volleys above and on all sides of my position, and rolled in prolonged echoes far below me, was heard only in low mutterings amongst the distant peaks. The unceasing lightning drew in dark red lines upon the bleak declivities a maze of complicated figures, ever there, but ever changing; the zig-zag flashes crossing and intertwining, now shooting, as it were, from every peak at once, and weaving in the heavens a momentary net of fire, then bursting out in one huge sheet of lurid flame, from which a thousand tongues and arrows glanced and vanished.

Awe-stricken with the sublime grandeur of the scene, I turned to retrace my steps to the Puna village, and a rapid walk soon restored the circulation in my half-frozen limbs. But the snow fell thicker and faster; the narrow path was quickly hidden beneath its white carpet, and the danger of stepping from it on to the steep incline, from whence I might be easily precipitated into the ravine, became every moment more imminent. The path itself sloped with considerable rapidity towards the table-land which I wished to reach, and this also added to the risk of traversing it. I knew that though these heavy falls of snow always accompanied the thunder-storms, and continued for some time after they had passed, yet the fall usually ceased about sunset, and it rarely happens that a storm visits the sierra during the night. Towards morning, indeed, the snow sometimes recommences, but at the level of the Puna, about 14,000 feet above the sea, it seldom remains on the ground after the sun has attained a few hours' altitude. And so, after an hour's cautious walking, its dull monotony broken by an occasional stumble, and the consequent excitement induced by the fear of suddenly accompanying the falling flakes in their descent into the gorge, the snow ceased, and the clouds broke and dispersed as the sun sank behind the distant crests that gleamed like broken domes and shattered spires of gold; and when the

bright tints faded, and the dark shadow of night crept slowly over the desolate landscape, the ever-changing scene assumed new features that softened down its terrors, and to the vast outline of the stately picture were added lovely hues and touches of exceeding beauty. The pure rays of the moon were reflected from the great white mountains in a flood of quivering light, that shone upon the shadowed cliffs on which the snow had failed to rest, and brightened even the frightful darkness of the gloomy gorges. The sky was one mass of stars, for in no part of the world is it so brilliantly spangled as on the high ridges of the great Cordillera, and their subdued lustre spread like a tropical aurora over the heavens, and tinged with a brighter tint the pale twilight of the moon. In spite of the dangers and discomforts of my position—cold, wet, weary, and uncertain that my next step would not be the last—I yet often paused to enjoy the glorious beauty of the grand and magnificent pageant of which I was apparently the sole spectator. As I descended lower into the plateau, the path increases in width, and my pace was proportionately accelerated; but the night was far advanced before the welcome barking of the dogs greeted my ear, and I gladly saw beneath me the cluster of miserable huts that formed the hamlet from which I had wandered in the morning. For that time, my love of storms and mountains was fully satiated, and most willingly did I exchange the white covering of the Puna and its brilliant canopy, for the shaggy llama skin spread beneath the low, thatched roof of a poor Indian hut.

THE SEA.

THE mean depth of the sea is, according to La Place, from four to five miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one-fourth, it would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains. If the volume of the ocean were augmented only by one-eighth, considerable portions of the present continents would be submerged, and the seasons would be changed all over the globe. Evaporation would be so much extended, that rains would fall continually, destroy the harvest, and fruits, and flowers, and subvert the whole economy of nature.

There is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful in our whole system than the process by which the fields are irrigated from the skies, the rivers are fed from the mountains, and the ocean restrained within the bounds which it can never exceed so long as that process continues on the present scale. The vapour raised by the sun from the sea floats wherever it is lighter than the atmosphere; condensed, it falls upon the earth in water; or attracted to the mountains, it gathers on their summits, dissolves, and perpetually replenishes the conduits with which, externally or internally, they are all furnished. By these conduits the fluid is conveyed to the rivers, which flow on the surface of the earth, and to the springs, which lie deep in its bosom, destined to supply man with a purer element.

If we suppose the sea, then, to be considerably diminished, the Amazon and the Mississippi, those inland seas of the western world, would become inconsiderable brooks; the brooks would wholly disappear; the atmosphere would be deprived of its due proportion of humidity; all nature would assume the garb of desolation; the bird would droop on the wing, the lower animals would perish on the barren soil, and man himself would wither away like the sickly grass at his feet.

He must indeed be incorrigibly blind, or scarcely elevated in the scale of reason above the brutes, who would presume to say, or could for moment honestly think, when duly informed on the subject, that the machinery by which the process of evaporation and of condensation has been constantly carried on upon earth for so many centuries, exhibits no traces of Divine science and power, and especially of benevolence towards the countless beings whose subsistence and happiness absolutely depend upon the circumstance of the waters of the ocean, earth, and air, uniformly preserving their present mutual proportions.